

BANNER



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LITERARY.

THE VANISHERS.

BY J. G. WHITTING.

"Sweetest of all childlike dreams,
In the simple Indian lore,
Still to me the legend seems
Of the shapes who flit before—
Fitting, passing, seen and gone,
Never reached nor found at rest,
Baffling search, but reckoning on
To the Sunset of the West.
From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Through the dark of lowland firs,
Flash the eyes and flow the locks
Of the mystic Vanishers!
And theisher in his skill,
And the hunter on the moss,
Hear their call from cape and cliff,
See their hands the birch-leaves toss.
Wistful, longing through the green
Twilight of the cluster pines,
In their faces rarely seen,
Beauty more than mortal shines.
Fringed with gold their mantles flow
On the slopes of western knolls;
In the wind they whisper low
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.
Doubt who may, O friend of mine!
Thou and I have seen them too;
On before with beck and sign,
Still they glide, and we pursue.
More than clouds of purple trail
In the gold of setting day;
More than gleams of wing or sail
Becken from the sea-mist gray.
Glimpses of immortal youth,
Gleams and glories seen and lost,
Far-heard voices weep with truth
As the tongues of Pentecost—
Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste—
Gentle eyes we closed below,
Tender voices heard once more,
Smile and call us, as they go,
On and onward, still before.
Guided thus, O friend of mine!
Let us walk our little way,
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray.
Chase we still with baffled feet,
Smiling eye and waving hand,
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,
Lost and found, in Sunset Land!

ISADORE,

THE BEAUTIFUL BRAZILIAN BRIDE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

[The facts embodied in the following story were given me by Mr. Arnold Buffum, of Smithfield, Rhode Island, then resident at Paris. He visited the convent where Isadore was confined, and once was permitted to see her. She was called the most beautiful girl in Paris, and he thought she fully equalled her reputation. Mr. B. also visited the infamous uncle, who was quite a distinguished lawyer in London, with a hope of waking some pity in his soul in behalf of the beautiful and innocent captive. But in this attempt he failed utterly. The uncle was obdurate; and it was easy to be seen that he was better pleased than he chose to say, with the whole affair. On his return to Paris, Mr. Buffum succeeded in interesting the American Consul, which will be seen as we proceed.]

"My Isadore is lost! my beautiful, bright Isadore! She has been decoyed away by that vile and villainous Englishman, who claims to be her uncle, and who is the next heir-at-law to the immense estates left by his brother. There is a horrible look in this! Will he dare to murder her?"

"He took ship for Liverpool; but, by a seeming accident, I have learned that his ultimate destination is Paris, where the young lady, his niece, is to be sent to a celebrated school. This he told, when too much in his cups, the evening before his foul abduction of the tender child, left to his guardianship by the will of a true trusting brother."

"Why, but for some foul purpose, has he forcibly torn his ward from all her friends, the good Abbé, and her governess, who is as a mother, and from whom she has never been separated for a single day since the death of her own mother, when only three years old? How their hearts are bleeding now, for the loss of their dear child! How hers is bleeding, for the loss of all, I dare not think! I dare not imagine what may have happened to her—murder—servitude—slavery. If I dwell on this I should go mad, and become powerless for all future aid. I must not think—I must only act."

"I follow—first to Liverpool, and then to Paris; and if I find no traces of her, I search the world. Without my Isadore never will I return; and so I bid you all a sorrowful, but loving 'farewell.'"

"ALONZO DE MEDICI."

"Rio de Janeiro, Jan. 15th, 1827."

Thus wrote the bridegroom elect, in a farewell letter to his friends, on the morning after the abduction of his bride, the beautiful Brazilian heiress, who had been taken on board ship, the day before they were expected to sail, to attend to some trifle concerning her accommodations on the contemplated voyage, and, by the complicity of the English captain, was forcibly carried off. It should here be said that the voyage itself was an arbitrary measure, to which she had been compelled to submit by the cruel decision and will of her guardian, who insisted that so beautiful and rich a young lady must have corresponding accomplishments, and must therefore enter one of the best seminaries that Europe affords. This was a wanton and wicked proceeding, because it excluded her from the presence of one, whose life, from early childhood, had been intertwined with her own. This was a noble Spanish youth, of great genius, but of small fortune, and by profession a painter. With the full consent of her father, they were soon to be

married, when that dear parent was so unexpectedly and untimely taken away. It had been arranged that her confessor and governess should accompany her; but on arriving at the wharf, it was pretended that the boat was not safe for the whole, and that Isadore must be taken first.

The anchor was already weighing. Everything was in moving order; and the screaming girl beheld her friends, helpless and frantic, on the shore, with the most supplicating and earnest gestures and cries, entreating to be taken on board.

But let us follow the flight of Isadore, and avail ourselves of the Journal which helped her through many long and heavy hours, to beguile the terrible tedium of her life.

AT SEA, January 20th, 1827.

I am torn from all I love on earth. A long and perilous voyage is before me; yet, even here, I will be true to my Alonzo—true to myself. I will still be worthy of his love; and knowing that the sweet angel always sees me, I will be worthy of my mother's daughter.

Now all other resources are cut off, I turn to my books, and am reviewing my lessons with great profit. Strange as it may seem, I am growing strong. I am learning to think, and act, and judge for myself.

The captain, I soon found, is a creature of my uncle; and all the officers and passengers adhere to him. But I am thus saved much annoyance by being released from all obligation to these rude men and silly women. And yet I do so, sometimes, long for a word of kindness—for a human word—that I could almost throw myself at their feet and cry out for something that would recognize me, also, as human. But they never speak to me, and dare not even look at me attentively.

I have always been used to positive and prompt attention. My lightest wishes have been watched and answered. But my maiden here is silent and surly. There is a cross in her eyes, and I cannot help believing it—a cross in her heart. With her evil instincts she has been quick to see that I am a prisoner; and she treats me as such. Rather than call on her, I help myself; and thus I learn another good lesson, that I never could learn before.

In the first shock of my capture I was actually stunned; and for some days I took little notice of anything around me. I only knew that the heavens opened, and my sweet mamma came and sought to soothe and comfort me—sought to rouse and strengthen me. And when I looked at the white foam-wreath in the ship's track, and thought vaguely of the shroud it might become, and the rest I might and beneath it, angels came out of it with snowy wings and gentle eyes; and they brought me back to life and Alonzo. And then, when I first thought that my life belonged to him also, I knew I had no right to trifle with it; and I came back into its cares and struggles, its sufferings and its wrongs, resolving, through all, to be true for his sake.

FEB. 17.—We have had a terrible storm; and I am now completely roused. Every cheek was pale with terror; and I could see that the old sailors passed the word to each other with quivering lips and ashen faces. I only was calm. There was nothing for me in death so horrible as life. And when I heard the groans of the wrenching timbers, and the howling of the storm, I went into an ecstasy, uttering short bursts of prayer and praise. In this state my uncle came before me. He was dressed in his life-preserver and was evidently making preparations to escape from the ship. Bad as he is, he is not all without feeling. When he looked on me I saw his knees smite together, and his face become more frightfully pale. He attempted to take my hand and ask forgiveness for his crime—as if that late act of justice might cancel it; but, selfish to the last, he was only going to save himself, and made no offer to assist me.

"Let us part in peace," he said at length, and could say no more.

I regarded him a moment with a look that must have been terrible, and then I said: "Go! I forgive you. Save your poor life if you can. I am now the strongest. Go! tell my father that the child he committed to your trust was happy to escape you, even by a horrible death."

Just then there was a shout. We escaped the danger, and Death was once more cheated of his prey. But to me the storm has not been fruitless. An entire revolution has taken place. I have no longer any fear of my uncle and his accomplices. Another great crisis of my life is passed over triumphantly.

APRIL 27.—I have been thinking to-day of my father's will. I was present at the reading; and though I am ignorant of law, it has struck me with a great deal of force, that if it has so much power in one of its points, it must have in all. There must be a flaw in my uncle's proceedings. The will says I shall have my venerable friends to live with me. Could he have a right to take me away from them? The Padre is very learned. He knows much of the laws of different nations, and the customs of the world. Will he not perceive this, and act upon it? I will hope.

Where, I often ask myself, do I get this preternatural calmness and strength. Does this wonderful influence come from my dear parents, who now visit me daily and nightly? So I believe. I am beginning to employ myself in regular occupation. This I relieve the tedium of many an hour. Embroidery and delicate little works of fancy and art beguile the times of their heaviness. I am really making progress, especially in drawing. Though I am thousands of miles away from my dear Alonzo, I will for his sake cultivate the art he loves. I will not wrong him by idle repinings; nor will I do discredit to the example and teachings of my venerable friends. I will be worthy of them, though I never see them more. The shadow of this dismal ship may shut out the light of their dear faces; but it cannot alienate

their souls. I know that they follow me with good wishes, and prayers, and blessings, and will find me, too. O, my Alonzo! I shall be worthier, for all these trials, to watch and meet thee!

PARIS, RUE ST. HONORE, May 20.

I am now in the fashionable boarding-school of Madame Montresse. She received me with voluble politeness, like a true Frenchwoman. But since, I have reason to fear that her courtesy is like her rouge, her hair, her teeth—all false. How glad I am to see the happy faces of innocent young girls! There are among them several very sweet ones; and O, how pleasant will it be to form social and friendly ties with these gentle creatures, who already look at me so lovingly!

MAY 25.—I feel myself bound by some evil enchantment. I cannot speak to my fellow pupils. Every approach to familiarity is guarded against. I feel myself an object of suspicion among them. I cannot divest myself of this idea. My chamber, my study-room, my walks, are all either solitary or guarded by an Argus-eyed duenna, who follows me continually. Only one kind face regards me; and that is Lizette, the poor *femme de chambre*; and she, I can perceive, dares not speak to me. O, if these bright and smiling ones only knew how I am yearning, almost dying, for a word of sympathy—of common kindness—of the simplest courtesy—they could not look so freezingly.

But I will not be foiled. I will make even these cruel restraints serve me. I will thank my teachers for the long and severe tasks they give me. If I am shut out from the gaiety of youth, I will live in the august companionship of master minds, until I grow into a loftier stature, and command a horizon of wider scope. I will convert their severity into a healthy discipline, until the punishment becomes a blessing.

They place before me lessons of seemingly impossible attainment; and when they see how easily I master the principles, they compel me to get the precise terms. But when I get these also—thanks to the good Padre's scientific nomenclature—they will still find some petty flaw in my conduct, and place a bad mark against me. I am always in disgrace. And this involves a forfeiture of walks, exercise, almost everything that is healthful. If at any time I am beguiled into a happy thought, and even smile at some little pleasantry which I cannot avoid hearing, I am charged with unlady-like and rude behavior.

What a change is this from a state of love and freedom, the most joyous, refined, and exalted in nature! Where now is the bird-like melody that was ever flowing in the heart and gushing from the lips? Where are the responding harmonies that seemed to fill the whole atmosphere with their warbling love-notes? Who could not be overwhelmed by such a sad reverse? Who would not utterly despair? And yet I know that here, as elsewhere, the day is always meted by the strength. With a clear conscience, and a deep faith in the benevolent power that I know is overruling all these seeming evils, I cannot surrender myself. While my vivacity diminishes, the fountain of my peace continually deepens.

MAY 30.—How many evil arts have they, to defraud me of my dearly-earned rights! None of the other girls are ever thus tasked or punished. There is some bad motive at the bottom of all this. Can it be that my uncle is going to entrap and imprison, or kill me, for my wrong? I must not dwell on this thought, for it robs me of my power. I will content myself with my own duty, and leave the rest to Fate. After the hard toils of the day are over, I can take from my bosom the little silver crucifix that was worn by my mother, and feel, O, sweet Mamma! that it is still growing brighter in my use.

JUNE 2.—O, happy day! most happy day, I now write; for I have found a friend. One week since, Mademoiselle Jeanette, one of our teachers, fell ill of a very bad fever. She was abandoned by all. I begged to attend her; for though she was very poor, and could not properly dare to do anything that might deprive her of bread, yet she had sometimes looked kindly on me; and I knew she would be glad to do so always. I was afraid Madame Montresse would not permit me, on account of the infection. She warned me of the danger, and tried a little to dissuade me; but I could see that she was willing, and hardly waiting for an answer, ran to the poor sufferer. Was she too willing? I did not care to ask myself.

Sweet was the ministry of that sick chamber; for my heart was swollen with the love for which it could find no object—no expression. I sat by poor Jeanette, one day, when the fever was at its height. She was delirious, though she still seemed to recognize me. With a rapid look around, she thus addressed me:

"Hush! and be quick—while they are all gone—and let me tell you what I have so long wanted to say." Then grasping my hands, that almost shrunk from the sharp fire of her burning fingers, and fixing her deep, large, loving eyes on mine, she whispered: "Sweet child! I pity you. I love you! Poor orphan—poor amid all your wealth—were I not poorer still, I would enrich you with my love! Lonely, desolate one! could I for a single moment have been free, I would have taken you to my heart if only to show how it bled for you!"

Then, with a sudden start and wild eyes, she exclaimed: "There! let them peep, and listen, and turn me out, if they will; I am no longer afraid of starving. Indeed, I am not very hungry now; and I may perhaps never be again! Who knows?"

Thus unconsciously she has won me; and now I rejoice in the possession of a true friend. And to think I have saved her! Is not this enough, even to have come here for?

JUNE 15.—We have been back to the school-room a whole week. It is no longer the same wilderness it was before. I now know where to find the eyes of a friend. We have been promised a visit to the Louvre, as the reward of good behavior and perfect lessons for a whole week. This is what I have so long

desired—I must, if possible, attain it. I must not allow myself to think I can fail. I will not fail. Yet they mean that I shall. They have set me tasks forward beyond my position, in algebra, that I may be cut off from the solutions by an immature understanding; and when they gave them, they almost sneered because I dared attempt them. Again I say, I will not fail. They cannot make me fail.

JUNE 20.—I have accomplished all, except a single problem in mathematics. As yet I have labored over this in vain. I can neither analyze nor digest its terms, so as to feel my way to the root of its principles. Still it is a problem, unsolved, and, for me, apparently insoluble.

JUNE 21.—Last night, after worrying myself into a fever by useless efforts, I threw myself down on the bed and fell asleep. The subject of my waking thought came back in my dreams. I was struggling to loosen the perplexing knot, when my father appeared before me, with a sorrowful yet benign aspect, and called my attention to a simple principle, which, in my excitement, I had overlooked—probably because it was so simple; and I had been led, in some way, to expect an immense difficulty. In an instant the solution was written on my brain in characters of light. Nothing could be clearer. My father was turning away, when he came back, and, kissing me, he slowly and emphatically repeated the process, saying: "Isadore, be sure that you remember this; for you must go to the Louvre to-morrow."

I awoke, or seemed to awake, and the morning light was shining fair abroad. I looked around eagerly, almost expecting to see my father as I had just seen him standing then by my bedside. But his words came back to me, and, O joyful thought! with these I recalled the solution of the problem! I have written it. It is all right, without a flaw. I have seen the teachers. They could not make any objection, but I know they were astonished. I walk on air. Have I, indeed, at last triumphed over the evil ones? And now I hear those deep, solemn words, sounding in my inmost soul: "You must go to the Louvre to-morrow." What can it mean?

[The continuation of the history is written by another hand.]

PARIS, June 22d, 1827.

I have found my Isadore. I have seen her! Could she be more beautiful? I often have asked myself; and yet she is. She is strengthened, sanctified, by her sufferings. Every lineament, every feature, has become invested, or rather seems to invest, a soul of its own, as if illuminated by some outshining intelligence and power. I almost forget the feelings of the man—the passionate desire of the lover—in the artistic rapture of beholding her transcendent and wonderful beauty.

But I must compose myself; for the work before me demands courage, strength, and prudence. About one week since, I was informed of her vicinity by a very polite and kind-hearted American gentleman, who promises to introduce me to the American Consul, with whom he is on very good terms. He urges me to keep quiet. But how can that be? For several days, and in as many disguises, I have been hovering round the premises of Madame Montresse; and once, as a famished old woman, I found my way within the gates. Of course I was not, in this guise, permitted to remain long in so fashionable an establishment. But in passing out I lingered in a corridor intersecting with another, which, as I had already found out, led to the refectory-room. The bright, young grisette, who was showing me to the door—thanks to Fortune, or Fate—had a lover of her own concealed in a corner of the area, and, running to that and toy with him a moment, lost sight of me. At that moment the bell for the evening meal sounded. I had just time to step into a little recess, when they came along, two by two, garrulous and joyful, in the temporary release from duty. I knew when she was coming. I thrilled at shivering with the sweet rapture of her presence. A fine, ethereal aroma floated around her. The whole air was magnetized. And did she not feel my presence, too. I believe she did; for she is very sensitive; and when she came just opposite, she paused a moment, as if drawn by some hidden attraction. Why did I not clasp her in my arms and fly with her? How could I leave her there, as I knew, among deadliest foes? Only because I was afraid of losing her forever could I hold my place.

She paused, as I have said, and turned her face fully toward me; and I almost thought she saw me clairvoyantly, the features suddenly lighted up with such a strange glory. She had in her hand a single geranium leaf; and as the advancing pupils came pushing her forward, she threw it toward me, and held back a little, before she allowed herself to be carried away by the advancing throng. Was her soul taking cognizance, and did it, without consent or knowledge of the senses, thus salute me? Who can answer?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BY THE SWORD.—Some Christians pretend that Christianity was not established by the sword; but of what period of time do they speak? It was impossible that twelve men only could begin with the sword; they had not the power; but no sooner were the professors of Christianity sufficiently numerous and powerful to employ the sword, than they did so, and the stake and the faggot too; and Mahomet could not do it sooner. By the same spirit that Peter cut off the ear of the high priest's servant, he would cut off the head of his master, had he been able. Besides this, Christianity grounds itself originally upon the Bible, and the Bible was established altogether by the sword, and that in the worst use of it; not to terrify, but to extirpate. The Jews made no converts; they butchered all. The Bible is the sword of the New Testament, and both are called the word of God. The Christians read both books; the ministers preach from both books; and this thing called Christianity is made up of both. It is therefore untrue to say Christianity was not established by the sword.—*Boston Investigator.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE WRITINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Among learned and scientific men there will always be one or more who stand out clearly and prominently as brilliant lights, to whose judgments critical cases are submitted for adjudication and final settlement. Such an one is found among the researchers of the French school of Egyptologists, in the person of De Rouge; whose opinion has been generally adopted by the most able scientists in relation to the undoubted correctness of the long or lengthy chronology as presented in the labors of Manetho, who declares that the XIIIth Dynasty led the Christian era by at least thirty-four centuries.

The most profound among the British hierologists, Birch, of the British Museum, accepts and copies Manethonian tables; while Kenrick acknowledges Lepsius as authority *par excellence*.

The Rev. Dr. Hincks, in a work on the age of the XVIIIth Dynasty (Transactions of the R. Irish Academy, 1846), holds forth the doctrine that the depression of the reign of Ramses II, in the XVIIIth Dynasty, and of Thotmes III to the year 1855, B. C., on the ground that Egyptian armies, born amidst solar calicities, avoided the heat of the weather, was an argument too feeble to be seriously combated. But the exalted judgment of this fine scholar and noble *savant* goes to favor every scientific extension demanded for Nilotic annals.

Much credit has been attached to a statement given in the following language: "The Egyptians reckoned all the dynasties from Menes to Ochus, as occupying 3,555 years. If from this number we subtract 2,291, which the Egyptians reckoned from Menes to the end of the XIIIth Dynasty, we have 1,264 from the end of the XIIIth Dynasty to Ochus, or to 340 B. C. This would place the XIIIth Dynasty between the limits 1,817 and 1,604 B. C., and there is good and substantial reason for believing that we should accept these dates as the genuine Egyptian computation, as there can scarcely be a question as to their correctness."

Among the so-called short chronologists are named Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, who, it will be remembered, had scruples regarding the interference of Egyptian records with the deluge of Noah. Mr. Samuel Sharpe is named as another who regards all as evil and blasphemous that conflicts at all with the Mosaic record; but his numerous blunders in deciphering hieroglyphics have placed him beyond the pale of ordinary criticism, and low in the scale of Egyptologists. Mr. R. S. Poole is a third member of the school of short chronologists, who has endeavored to make everything Egyptian bend in subservience to Bible authority and sustain Moses and all that pertains to him especially, as set forth in the Septuagint. This fast friend of Moses says, in a work published by him, entitled "Hore Egyptiaca": "Egypt, with all her splendid monuments, is found a witness (as much as and not less than Spitzbergen) to the truth of the Bible, and to the correctness of the Mosaic chronology." These fierce Bible chronologists have given a vast deal of real labor, and made much trouble, for the high and honorable-minded scientists in defending the right as they knew it, possessing proof abundant to sustain it against all odds; but to satisfy the outside world of the facts as they stood in the records, was quite another matter; and years elapsed ere much headway was made in settling the question as to the right method of Egyptian computation as presented by hieroglyphical characters found inscribed upon pyramids, and monuments, and temples. But the lengthy chronologists stand vindicated by the testimony of all subsequent scientific research. The names of Lenormant, Champollion, Boeckh, Baruch, Bunsen, Henry, Lesueur, Lepsius, Hincks, Kenrick, Pickering, Ampère, De Rouge, Birch, and many other noble souls, will shine lustreously in the future, when such as Wilkinson, Sharpe, Poole, and their confrères, will be forgotten and lost to future history, by reason of their untruthfulness and readiness to pander to the popular theology of the present age.

To show something of the feeling that prevails in the minds of the most eminent *savants* of archaeological science, it is only necessary to quote the following passage from the writings of one of the leading Egyptologists: "We dismiss, therefore, Hore Egyptiaca, as beneath scientific notice, reserving to ourselves the privilege of a reviewer's criticism, whenever circumstances may demand its annihilation. With it we snap off the last published peg upon which short chronology can suspend its clerical hat; because Mr. Sharpe's arrangement of Egyptian dynasties anterior to the XVIIIth has been respectfully disposed of. When other writers, with hieroglyphical handles to their patronymes, adventure into the rude arena of archaeology as champions of short chronology, may their armor be well tempered and their lances tough!" The list of long chronologists, above given, embraces the "preux chevaliers" of archaeological science at the time the above quotation was written, 1852-3. The minimum of their several dates given for Menes is B. C. 4,643; the maximum reaches to near the sixth chiliad B. C. By

each authority all biblical computations, *Hebrew, Samaritan, and Septuagint*, are thrown aside among the rubbish of the things that were. "The sum of all the dynasties varies according to our present sources from 4,685 to 5,049 years; the number of kings from 300 to 350, and even 500. It is evidently impossible to find a chronology on such a basis, but Syncellus tells us that the number of generations included in the thirty dynasties was, according to Manetho, 113; and the whole number of years, 3,555. This number falls much short of what the summation of the reigns would furnish, according to any reading of the numbers, but is nearly the same as 113 generations would produce, at an average of 32 years each."

J. D. PIERSON.

REFORM.

"Reform" seems to be the battle-cry of the world. Everywhere war seems to be declared against established usages; old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new. Nothing is so sacred as to escape the intervention of the iconoclastic spirit of the age. Even Catholicism, imbedded as it is in antiquated conservatism, finds reformatory work to do. She makes occasional ventures from her cloistered prejudices, in order to invade and destroy the ideas of dangerous outsiders.

Now, being of an inquiring turn of mind, I want to know what all this means. What is reform? And what good is it going to do? I do not pretend to know. I cannot assume the solemnity of an owl, and deliver an oracular decision in the matter. But I have been listening to the din, and have wondered in my misgivings as to whether the outside performances of the mountebanks were not the best part of the show.

Some begin by telling you that "whatever is, is right"; and when, by a train of deductive reasoning, we begin to be quite delighted with this optimistic philosophy, we are gravely informed that everything needs reforming—that society needs remodeling—in short, that "whatever is, is wrong." Having arrived at this point, the more you try to understand their philosophy, the more confused and muddy it appears. The optimists are of two classes: One sees everything as right from the force of necessity, the immutable operations of cause and effect; the other, that it is right because Infinite Wisdom is the Author and Sustainer of all things. Whether viewed from the theological or philosophical side of the question, the result is the same; and, in either case, I would like to know what's the use of being daily plagued either with the wisdom of philosophy or the "foolishness of preaching."

There are other reformers, who endeavor to eradicate evil by destroying the medium through which it comes. They believe in physical force rather than in moral persuasion; more in hell than in heaven; more in the justice of the law than in the charity of the gospel. Strenuous advocates they are of corporal and capital punishment. The Holy Inquisitors; the slayers of the Huguenots; Queens Mary and Elizabeth; Calvin, Luther, and Cotton Mather, are all noted examples of this class of reformers. This plan is radical enough, but I don't like it; for I may need reforming, yet a little burning in this life and a long burning in the next are not pleasant; I prefer a more agreeable transit to "kingdom come." But whether I like it or not, I have no cause for fault-finding, for these reformers have had unquestionable precedents for their action. Moses showed that prevention was better than cure, by killing without mercy, by plagues and earthquakes—as in the case of Korah, Dathan, Abiram, and others—by the sword, and by stoning to death; Moses himself being sustained by precedent. Jehovah set the example in destroying Sodom and Gomorrah, and Lot's wife; and in the destruction of the world's inhabitants by water; at which time they had become so bad, so very bad, that the Lord wished he had not made such a bad lot; and it "grieved him to the heart." He tried regeneration by total immersion, and drowned the subjects, with the exception of Noah, Sons & Co., who believed in sprinkling, and were saved as seed. But, with all reverence for everything essentially sacred, I think it would have been a good thing if Jehovah had knocked a hole in the bottom of the ark, swamped the whole concern, and commenced the business of man-making on a fresh capital. Clay was not so scarce! and the experience gained would have enabled Him to make a better job, and to contrive some means to freeze the devil out. Or, if, after saving Noah, he had instituted a lodge of Good Templars, with Noah as a member, what trouble would have been saved the world! There would have been no accursed Canaan, and the "irrepressible conflict" and the caste troubles of the Rev. Mr. Wyatt would never have had an existence. I don't want to blaspheme; but thoughts will creep into one's head, and, as the song sings,

"There are some things look queer to the eye."

There are other reformers, related in many respects to the last described class, who, having established a theoretical standard of virtue, supported by scriptural authority, try to enforce a rigid compliance with the requirements of said standard. When their theory is opposed, it is set down to the wickedness of man, and his heart is called all sorts of naughty names. The natural inclination to laugh, sing, dance, go to the theater, or to enjoy Nature on Sunday, Saturday, or any other day which they are pleased to call holy, is all placed to the account of the innate wickedness of the human heart. Those under their treatment are required to "crucify the flesh," as they call the checking of all natural desires in their development, in order to produce an abnormal state of the mind, called "the new birth." They are "born again," when they have made this life so horrid and disagreeable that they "desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better." Death is certainly preferable to a life devoid of pleasure "according to the flesh."

In my way of thinking, it would be far better, at least more agreeable, if—instead of consulting a system contained in a book, or even the Bible, as they interpret it—they would consult the human heart, and satisfy all its demands in a legitimate manner. And perhaps they would be nearer right. Life would be rendered pleasant and endurable by finding a time for all things, even dancing and singing (see Solomon.)

Another very important class consists of those who ride a hobby; they have each only discovered one evil worth talking about. One wishes to depose "King Alcohol," another to eradicate the "Social Evil"; slavery, women's wrongs, working-men's wrongs, drugs, improper dress, improper food, etc., are each taken up as a hobby by some one of these reformers. I rather like them. There is a practical go-aheadiveness belonging to them, a sort of fanaticism, which insures success at some time or other. Howard was one of these; with the prison reform idea on his brain, he accomplished a great good, which never would have been realized by a less enthusiastic character. Luther, Father Matthew, John Bright, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and others, belong to this class. It is strange how changed these men are after they have outlived the accomplishment of their mission. Horace Greeley, for example, since the Emancipation Proclamation, has been like a sitting hen robbed of her nest, till Jeff. Davis came under his wing and made him comparatively happy. But with all these eccentricities, I like your enthusiastic reformers. They don't bother you about the origin of evil, or with the question whether God or the Devil holds the patent right of its invention. They mean to kill it first, and try it afterward.

ESOP, JR.

The Banner of Progress.

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Opinions of Theological Destructionists.

The theologians have a magazine devoted to the promulgation of orthodox views of the prophecies and of Biblical lore, called *Bibliotheca Sacra*, in which a certain Professor of Geology, R. D. Hitchcock, has been endeavoring to perform the impossible task—which crazed poor Hugh Miller—of reconciling Geology with Theology. He undertakes to prove that a general judgment and destruction of the material universe may be properly inferred from the fact that the earth is filled with internal fires, finding vent through its volcanoes, which may some day give forth inflammable gases in such quantities as to explode in combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and "burn up" this planet. From this probability he argues that the prophecy of Peter, that "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; and the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up," is not, as we should say, to be sneezed at. It is evident to us, however, that the immensity of such a result has not been fully considered by the geological Professor. For, in order that the whole prophecy should be fulfilled, every planet and every star, and every sun and moon in the unfathomable depths of the universe, must be ignited at the same time; the conflagration must be simultaneous. No such appearance as the "heavens passing away with a great noise" could be witnessed by earth's inhabitants, because they would be involved in the same destruction. The argument for the possibility of such an event as the conflagration of all material things at the same moment, by the agency of fire, can only be predicated upon the supposition that the elements of every world are the same, and operate together in the same way. It is by no means certain that such is the case; yet, for the sake of the argument, we are willing to admit that it is so. We are then met by a difficulty in the disposal of matter, which is not destroyed, but only changed in its relations; for matter is indestructible. What is to be done with the exploded gases and vapors of the burned-out planets? Will they become infinitely attenuated, and have no place or nucleus for recombination with each other? and will all the worlds thus be again "without form and void"? In short, will chaos return again?

The answer to these queries comes in the words of the Professor himself; for it seems that, although the "heavens" are to "pass away with a great noise, and the earth also" is to be "burned up," yet there will be a sufficient amount of the "crust of the earth" left for what the Professor calls "the redeemed" to dwell upon, after the crisis is over. And this anti-climax of the great Geologist shows how little Reason has to do with the making up of an argument intended to sustain the dogmas of theology. If the material universe is to be wholly destroyed by the elements contained within itself, as the Professor maintains, how does he reach the consolatory reflection that any portion of it is to be reserved from annihilation, that he and other saints may have something material to stand upon? Lame logic for a Professor! He says that "the fact that the purification of the present world can render it a beautiful habitation, fit for the residence of princes, renders probable the belief of many divines, that the redeemed will dwell upon this earth after the day of judgment." A burned-up planet a fit residence for princes! An exploded atmosphere fit for the respiration of the saints!

The whole idea of reconciling the dogmas of theology with the facts of geology is a materialistic one, and unworthy of a spiritualized faith. If, as the Scriptures assert, the kingdom of heaven is a spiritual kingdom, "not of this world," of what use are all the ridiculous theories of theologians in relation to the future of mankind upon this earth? What need has or ever will have the emancipated spirit for this material world, if its attractions and its happiness eventually are as far as possible away from it? And if every material existence, including all the worlds and the bodies of individuals inhabiting them, were to pass into oblivion—be "without form and void"—so that what Nature most abhors, a vacuum, should actually subsist, what effect, if any, would such a

state of things have upon the immortal spirit? When the dissolution of the mortal elements of our being occurs, and the spirit is liberated from the shackles of material things, it may be considered as independent of them, and unaffected by any changes among them. Even theologians dare not maintain that there is any dependence of the spirit upon matter, after the aforesaid dissolution has occurred. And if there is not, why are these prophecies of disaster to our material universe—especially those relating to the dissolution of our little earth—continually put forth by the devotees of old theology? It is done to frighten children, both of larger and smaller growth, into the acceptance of their dogmas and the support of their religious organizations. It is a part of the plan of a set of drones in society, who follow preaching professionally, as a means of livelihood, and who would be reduced to the necessity of laboring as producers instead of being idle consumers, if this method of obtaining a living were taken away. Having been compelled, by the gradual enlightenment of the people—thanks to the skeptical and truly scientific world—to give up the dogmas of the devil and damnation, they fall back on the apparent evidences which the volcanoes and "shooting stars" afford, of a future grand conflagration of all material things, as a means of exciting the fears of the ignorant and unthinking, and of so inducing them to part with their hard-earned wages to enrich religious establishments and support lazy men in a luxurious way; the only equivalent rendered for the money invested being the weekly instalments of gospel condemnation meted out to the poor dupes, who consent to be called sinners worthy of eternal misery, and to pay for the privilege of hearing themselves thus abused.

Thanksgiving.

In accordance with the prejudices and religious education of the people, the civil authorities of the land appointed a feast-day, to be observed on the 28th of the present month, when thanks were formally presented to the Almighty for doing with, by, and to the children of men that which has pleased Him best to do. The occasion gives rise to some very important reflections. In the first place, do we not, in giving thanks for those things which we consider blessings, impliedly deprecate and undervalue others, which God has been pleased to award us, but which we do not look upon as blessings? Or, in other words, in praising God for what we enjoy, do we not, by implication, curse Him for what we suffer? Secondly, both Nature and Scripture teach us, that nothing man can do or say, either of praise or blame, can affect the purposes or the happiness of a Being of Infinite Perfections. His purposes cannot be changed, nor His pleasure diminished or added to, by any action of man. If, as is said in Scripture, He "makes even the wrath of man to praise Him," what difference subsists between the thankfulness and the ingratitude of man, so far as God Himself is concerned? And, in a natural and rational point of view, it would seem that the best evidence of thankfulness is a proper use and enjoyment of the blessings man finds ready to his hand; and there is no necessity for evincing any peculiar sentiment toward God in relation to them. In fact, to do so is to imply that, if the blessings were withheld, man would not be grateful, but complaining and censorious. Now, as none of these emotions can at all affect the relations subsisting between God and His creature, man, it becomes a question whether our excessive manifestations of gratitude are not a little hypocritical. If they are not so, will any man convince us of the fact by offering to God a sincere thanksgiving for a broken leg, a shattered arm, or an intermittent fever?

We could never see the benefit of these displays of excessive and ostentatious thankfulness. Like prayers to a Being who must already and always know our wants, and, if He so wills, can supply them, the giving of thanks is a work of supererogation. God does not need them, and they are of no benefit to us, except in exposing our hypocrisy. Some even go so far as to thank God, not only that they are not as other men, but that they are not punished or caused to suffer as other men are. Is not that equivalent to thanking God that there are worse men than ourselves, and that others are "worse off" than we are? Like the language of the Hebrews, when he had broken his leg, and thanked God it was not his neck, the giving of thanks seems a reproach to the Almighty for His universal providences. "He causeth the rain to fall upon the just and the unjust," and yet the hypocrites will persist in thanking Him, as though they were especially selected for the bestowal of His blessings! Millions render no particular thanks to Him for what they enjoy; yet we do not see that He deprives them of a single blessing in consequence of the omission. Four-fifths of the human race are still in ignorance of the Christian idea of God; yet their needs are all provided for, as regularly and as bountifully as are those of any self-styled "chosen people." And when we exalt ourselves in vain-glorious boasting of our Christian civilization, and claim to be the favored people of God, and that we are in advance of all others, it is well to consider that this is our own estimate of ourselves, and that we know not what estimate is put upon us by the Almighty Himself. Certain it is, that there are many things in civilization that are the rankest injustice, and that do not exist among nations we are pleased to style barbarous. Our Pharisaical hypocrisy, therefore, in thanksgiving for these blessings, of which we suppose ourselves the exclusive recipients, is thus made more manifest. The difference in favor of the subjects of civilization, when fairly compared with the natural or uncivilized man, is not worth bragging about. The untutored savage is often nearer to a God-like nature than the best educated man in the world. The former's sense of justice is frequently keener, and his detestation of wrong more hearty and sincere. Hypocrisy is certainly not one of the sins of the savage; while generosity, bravery, frankness, candor, and justice are ruling characteristics of every so-called barbarous people. We do not see that we have more to be thankful for than they.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.—The New York Tribune of November 6th says: "The Rev. Henry W. Browne, formerly of Augusta (Me.), has gone to Sacramento (Cal.), to take measures for the formation of a Unitarian Church."

Metropolitan Theater Discourse.

Rev. Mr. Stebbins' Sunday evening meeting, notwithstanding the rainy weather, was very fully attended. On this last occasion the Rev. gentleman's remarks were rather more interesting than usual, from the fact that he introduced among them many apt and instructive scientific illustrations, which have a tendency to educate the people into a better knowledge of natural phenomena, concerning which much lamentable ignorance prevails. This feature of Mr. Stebbins' discourses has a peculiar charm; and we were not much surprised at the close attention rendered by the audience to those portions of his sermon having reference to facts in nature not generally spoken of by pulpit orators.

After reading that most radical of Scriptures, the second chapter of the Epistle of James, Mr. Stebbins took his text from Isaiah, chap. ii. v. 5: "O, house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord." An old-fashioned orthodox preacher would not be expected to weave an argument from such a text, having any special reference to scientific facts; because it is averred by that class of divines that religion is not based either upon science or reason. But our progressive Unitarian sees an occasion in the language of the Hebrew prophet for expanding his view of the perfections of God's works, and holding up to the comprehension of the commonest intellect the beauty of the operations of natural laws. His exordium was a network of similes, directing the attention of his auditors to the daily panorama of clouds, and sun, and rain, and verdure of the fields, and eulogizing the soft and balmy air of the climate of California at this season, from which he drew a beautiful and appropriate illustration of the text. He called the brilliant skies of our autumn the "Shadow of God." Mr. Stebbins' worship is evidently of that kind so emphatically recommended by Alexander Pope. He has learned to

"Look from Nature up to Nature's God."

The Rev. gentleman, in further comment upon the text, said that a particular light is necessary, to enable one to see certain things. An artist's work cannot be appreciated except in a peculiar light. Pictures cannot be made or seen to advantage in a side or crossing light. Artificial light is not a good one in which to examine and select colors; it distorts and blends them all. He thought it worthy of remark that the infinity of space is concealed, rather than brought to view, in the broad glare of the sun. It is only by the mild light of the stars that the immensity of space is revealed. Daylight conceals from us some of the grandest aspects of the universe. He proceeded to make an application of this fact to the normal condition of men. He said that the material light of the senses obscures in the same way the spiritual universe. Even as there is a light that enables us to see the material world, so there is a light in which we may see spiritual things. In the material view, we reckon life by what we possess—by houses, lands, and worldly goods. These things, in the light in which we view them, conceal from us the spiritual significance of them all. The spiritual "light of the Lord," on the contrary, produces that expanding and elevating effect upon the heart, particular in a great sorrow, which enables us to perceive the internal spiritual significance of all things.

Inspiration, in its work upon the soul, he compared to the interpenetrating effect of the sun upon the air—purifying and rendering it healthful as the breath of life. Prisoners in dark cells became puny and weak, from lack of the invigorating qualities of sunlight. Persons should make ample provision in their dwellings for the entrance of the life-giving rays of the sun.

As the sun prepares the air for the inspiration of the lungs, so the spiritual "light of the Lord" prepares spiritual truth for the inspiration of the soul. This light is the all-enfolding goodness of God—showing us the true spiritual significance of our existence. No other light gives us the measure of our lot. It brings everything out with clearness and distinctness. The spiritual is known because of the things it makes known; puts more meaning into things than we ever saw before. It enables us to see the design or idea of all creations; seeing the idea, we see how all the details are gathered into form, and how they fulfill the purpose of the Creator.

In the course of the lecture, Mr. Stebbins allowed himself to be misled by the astronomers, and to take for granted their mere conjectural theories as demonstrated truth. When he and they make the statement that the light of stars was so many thousands or millions of years in traversing space to reach this planet, it requires something more than the mere statement to convince the thoughtful. Astronomers may be perfectly competent to measure the lapse of time required for the passage of either natural or artificial light through the space occupied by our atmosphere. But when they undertake to satisfy our inquiries by such wild assertions in regard to the light of distant luminaries, we must take leave to dissent from their statements. Neither Scripture nor scientific reasoning sustains them. And, firstly, as to Scripture: Moses' Genesis describes "the evening and the morning" of "the first day," as being the same day in which God said, "Let there be light." From whatever celestial luminary that light emanated, it reached the earth on the first day; if it had not, there could have been no day on the earth. It is true that the description in Genesis is not very scientific; but it may be proper to show those, who take the Bible for their guide into all truth, that even that authority will not sustain conjectures so baseless as the one under consideration. But, secondly, as to the logical scientific view: The light of the sun is frequently totally intercepted or eclipsed by the interposition of the moon's bulk between it and the earth. Yet, the instant this obstacle to the passage of the sun's light is removed from before even a small portion of the sun's disc, the rays again reach the earth, without any perceptible diminution of power or intensity. The theory of light has by some been stated as the effect of the motion of electricity. If this be true, the passage of electricity through such an element as the ether of infinite space—an element which must be homogeneous with itself—should be inconceivably rapid. The transit of

electricity, even through our atmosphere, or over metallic or other electrodes, when unimpeded by non-conductors, is so rapid as to be imperceptible to our appreciation of the lapse of time. How, then, can it be pretended, with any show of reason, that the light of the sun and stars could not pass through space in so short a time as to be apparently instantaneous? If the conjecture of the astronomers, as quoted by Mr. Stebbins, be accepted as demonstrable, we are forced to the conclusion that the sun, moon, and stars were created millions of ages before our earth, and that their light occupied the whole of these ages in passing to the point in space occupied by the earth's orbit; or, otherwise, that the earth, if created at the same time with the other planets and the sun, remained in total darkness during those countless ages, till the light of those luminaries reached it. Either of these conclusions is absurd enough to refute itself, without argument; and we shall therefore leave the subject to the consideration of the reader, and postpone further remark upon it to some other occasion.

Womanhood Suffrage in the National Spiritualist Convention.

The following is a portion of the debate on this question at the Cleveland Convention:

S. A. Hasbrook said she claimed the right to vote. She did not beg for it either. Women are obliged to pay taxes. Why should they not vote?

Miss Susie M. Johnson said she demanded the privilege of voting. I am expected by all citizens to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. I find no gentleman who is willing to get it for me, for the privilege of ruling over me. The condition of those impoverished women who sell themselves to prostitution to obtain the necessities of life is a fearful, a terrible comment on the legislation of men. Not one woman in a thousand follows this pursuit from preference. It is sheer necessity. I think that it is high time provision was made to stay the tide of such corruption. You may talk about the Bible saving the race; but until you furnish the means of subsistence for the preservation of the physical nature of woman intact, your talk is vain. A book will not extinguish the evil we all so much deplore in society.

Mrs. S. C. Dickinson believed it necessary for women to co-operate and stand for their rights. Why, men cannot do without us! They never will do without us. We have made them what they now are. How many poor consumptive women there are, with not voice enough to be heard in an audience owing to their cramped condition! I desire to vote, and I hope the time will come when I will vote; for I want to elevate my sister and my brother.

A lady said: I do demand the right to raise woman where the Creator designed that she should stand. I claim the right to stand in all conditions of the side of my husband. I want the privilege of helping to make the laws.

Dr. S. Underhill: It is well that this question should come up here. Mary Woolcraft wrote, away back in the days of my childhood, on "Woman's Rights." Said she, "Say if you please that women have no rights, and they have no duties; for duties follow the profession of rights."

This is not a side issue. At our first State Convention, Parker Pillsbury came into the hall, and in consequence of some remarks I made, he gave us a splendid speech on "Woman's Rights." Some of the women, we are told, do not want to vote. Poor souls! only see how they can be crushed! As to the intellect of women, some of them are somewhat prominent. Queen Victoria is somewhat prominent.

JOSHUA ALLEN'S WIFE ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—Joshua sez to me, sez he, "Women are too deliket to go to the poles."

Sez I, Joshua Allen, do you think I am too feeble to go to the poles?"

"Yes," sez he.

Sez I, "There is one kind of poles you are willin' enuff I shud go to."

"What poles?" sez he.

"Hop-poles!" sez I.—(Joshua sez sot out a hop-yard and is makin' munny by it.) Sez I, "You are willin' enuff I shud go into ure hop-yard and pick hops all da," sez I; "I aint too deliket to handel them poles. And I ken draw up water out of the well with a pole, I aint too feeble for that pole, and git a ten-quart pail of water on the bottom of it, and I don't believe the polikeli pole wud draw much harder than that dux." Sez I, "The very men who tank the most about women being too deliket to go to the poles are the very ones who make 'em bring in all the wood they burn, and bid fires, and put up leeches, and make sope, and other hardships."

A FRIEND in Astoria, Oregon, writes that Spiritualism is gaining ground in that State and in Washington Territory; that the lectures of Mrs. Stowe and others are well attended; that a certain divine in that neighborhood was heard to say, after listening to one of these lectures, "What a pity Spiritualism is not popular!" and that the orthodox believers attend quite as frequently as others.

THE American Unionist, of Salem, Oregon, comes to us with a fresh and vigorous look on its face, as though its intellectual economy had been recently invigorated by absorption of a new element. We like the sort of Calvinism that fills its columns with many a sparkling, pungent paragraph.

MECHANICS' STATE COUNCIL.—The various Eight-hour Leagues of the city and State have formed a representative body with the above title, for the more effective carrying out of the eight-hour labor reform.

TEN THOUSAND NEGROES in Virginia have learned to read during the past year.

A few years ago it was a penal offense in Virginia to teach the proscribed race the alphabet.

DECISION UNDER THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.—Judge Niles, of the Nevada County Court, recently decided Chinese testimony inadmissible against colored citizens of the United States.

MRS. L. HUTCHISON, Owensville, Mono county, will answer calls to lecture in any part of the Pacific States.

"PHOTOGRAM."—A Portland photographer has this affecation in his business card. He calls his place of business a "Photogram Gallery."

QUERY?—Has the redemption of dogs from the custody of the Poundkeeper any bearing upon the dogma of redemption?

JO KERR.

C. G. AMES, a Radical Unitarian clergyman, was announced to speak at the District Court Room, in San José, on Sunday last, morning and evening.

How can a man commit a sin of omission? If an act is omitted, it is not committed; and where then is the commission of sin?

M.

Mrs. FOYE has returned to this city, and will hold sittings in a few days.

